

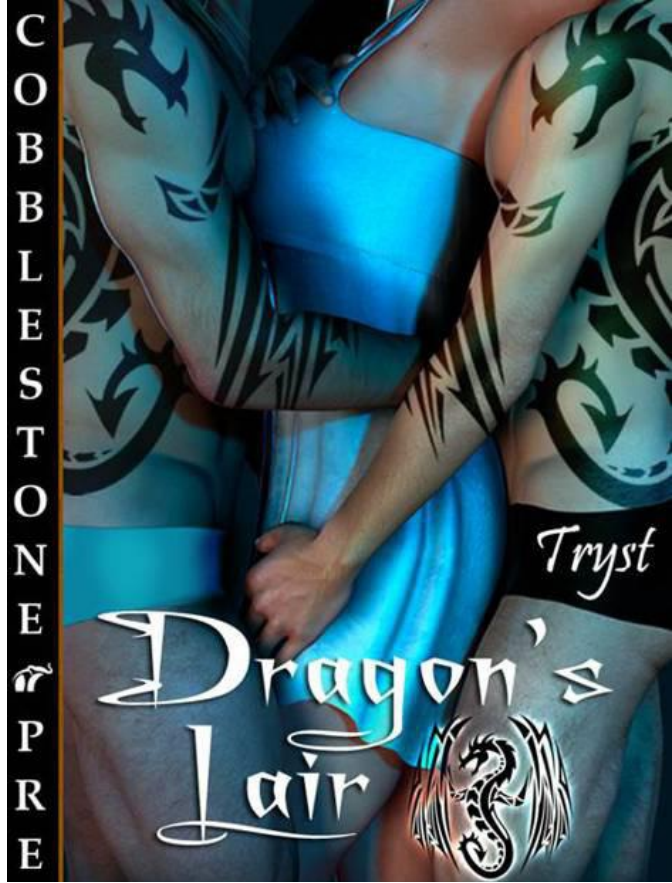
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Tryst

Dragon's Lair

Seraphina Donovan



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Dragon's Lair



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Seraphina Donovan

Dragon's Lair

By

Seraphina Donovan

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Dragon's Lair

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ISBN: 978-1-60088-707-9

Cover Artist: PJ Edwards

Editor: Devin Govaere

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Cobblestone Press, LLC

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Dedication

To my wonderful friend, DD, who always told me I could.

Chapter One

A fine sheen of perspiration glistened on her skin as Lilly Montague walked the cobbled streets of the French Quarter. Though it wasn't quite five in the afternoon, the gas lights lining the streets flickered beneath their glass shields. The city was exotic to her, and the wail of a saxophone in the distance made it even more surreal. Something had happened to her since she'd come to the city. It was as if all her senses had come alive and she was more aware of everything. The sights and smells of the city, both divine and repulsive, assailed her, the heat was like a living thing as it caressed her skin, and the light sheen of sweat was not the only dampness that resulted.

As she moved, she felt the fabric of her sundress shifting over her skin. In deference to the heat, she had forgone underwear, and she could feel the dew of her arousal slick on her thighs. She needed to get back to her tiny apartment and the new toy that was waiting for her. She had never used sex toys before, but she'd gone to a shop on Bourbon Street earlier that day and purchased a large vibrator with small attachments that would stimulate both her clit and the delicate nerve endings of her anus. It would be a new experience for her, but that was the whole purpose of her new venue. Her life had collapsed around her a decade earlier when her father had died and her

mother had suffered a catastrophic brain injury in a car accident. A week from her eighteenth birthday, she'd become a full time caregiver to her mother, and her dreams of college, dating and parties had simply vanished.

Turning down a side street, she walked for more than a block before realizing that she was on the wrong street. She'd called earlier that day about the waitressing gig at a restaurant on St. Ann Street. Glancing at her watch, she realized she was one minute away from being late for her interview. They would never give her a job. Lilly muttered a curse and turned around, only to find herself face to face with a broad-shouldered bouncer. His face was shielded by an elaborate beard and a pair of mirrored sunglasses. His dark blond hair was pulled back into a pony tail, and a tattoo peeked from beneath the tight T-shirt he wore. He didn't smile, but he turned his head toward her.

"Are you lost, darlin'?"

The accent was pure Cajun, and Lilly responded immediately. Her nipples puckered inside the lace of her bra, and the dampness between her thighs intensified. "I seem to have misplaced my job," she said in a mild attempt at humor.

His lips quirked. "If it's work you're lookin' for, *cher*, we've got plenty inside."

She was tempted—so tempted. She didn't even know his name, but she could clearly picture them together. The vision of his strong arms around her, her legs wrapped around his lean hips, and his cock driving into her was powerful. Sanity intruded, along with the idea that she didn't want this gorgeous man to see her chubby thighs and cellulite.

"I should probably just find the restaurant I was looking for. This place looks a little high-end for me."

"Never that," he said, again with a teasing smile. "Go inside. Talk to Remy. We need a waitress."

Glancing down at her dress, Lilly was painfully aware that her pebbled nipples were plainly visible through the thin cotton. "I'm not really dressed for it," she protested, but even then she wanted to do as he said. She wanted to follow his suggestions.

"Darlin', with a body like yours, it's a damn shame you're dressed at all. Go in. Have a drink. Talk to Remy. Take a chance," he said, and opened the door.

She was like Alice, and he was a bottle tagged with "drink me". Helpless to resist, she moved past him through the open door, feeling the hard ridge of his cock nudge her hip. She wanted to stop there, to press herself against him, but she didn't. Moving forward, she stepped into the dark interior of the club and immediately felt the pounding beat of the music. It pulsed through her, centering between her thighs, increasing the dull ache of need. A couple stood against the wall, pressed so tightly to one another that not even air could exist between them. The man had his hand buried between the woman's thighs, which were wrapped around him. They kissed, their tongues sliding sensually from their parted lips, glistening in the dim light.

Breathless, she skirted the couple and entered the main lounge of the club. It was dark, and there were no tables, but around the room were couches and extra wide chaises that would play host to small groups or couples. Blue-tinted lights gave the room an ethereal glow, and shimmering curtains separated the seating areas. They framed each area, but they couldn't be for privacy as they were entirely sheer. In the far corner, a man sat alone. He was dark and beautiful with coal black hair and pale eyes. Even in the darkness, Lilly felt his gaze. It pulled her like a magnet.

Remy Mercier watched the brunette with a hunger that startled him. He had known the minute Philippe spotted her. The two of them had been together so long their thoughts

were linked easily. Communicating was like breathing to them. Excitement burned in him along with a need like nothing else he'd ever felt. He surveyed her, from the top of her dark head to the tips of her delicate toes.

Her lush curves veered more to Rubenesque than simply voluptuous. As she walked, there was a slight bounce to her breasts and a sway to her hips that captivated him. The cotton dress clung to her curves as she moved. He wanted to rip the dress from her, to bare her body and explore every lush curve with his mouth and hands. With little more than a thought, he called her to him. He wanted her. She was the one. He sent a burst of thoughts to Philippe and then focused his attention on her as she moved toward him.

He repositioned himself on the couch, crossing his legs to conceal the raging hard-on that had hit him the minute she walked in. He looked like a normal man, albeit an exceptionally good-looking one, but the size of his cock was usually a dead giveaway he wasn't entirely normal. It was the same for Philippe. Of course, it wasn't simply the size of their cocks that set them apart. It was their stamina. As Acadian Dragons, they were among the most highly sexed of their kind. It made taking human lovers a very complicated proposition. Having a human lover was not necessary, as they had one another, but occasionally, Remy thought, a little variety was a very nice touch. The brunette would provide that admirably.

When she was near enough, he spoke. "Hello, *cher*, Philippe says you are looking for work." Remy watched her as she looked around at the expensive décor. He could see the fear in her and knew that she thought coming inside had been a mistake.

"I'm Lilly. I was looking for a waitressing job, but this doesn't look like a restaurant."

He smiled, showing the faintest hint of even white teeth

behind full lips. "No, *ma petit belle*, it is not a restaurant. Dragon's Lair is a private club for people with very special interests."

Looking at the chaises and the shimmering curtains, with a vision of the couple in the hallway clear in her mind, Lilly began to comprehend just what kind of club it was. "I've made a terrible mistake. I shouldn't be here."

"Perhaps, but perhaps not. Why don't I tell you a little more about what would be required of you before you decide?"

She could not work in a sex club. Even as she thought it, she was mentally calculating how much remained in her meager checking account. The move had all but tapped her out. It had been an impulsive decision, but she couldn't regret it. And she couldn't afford to turn her nose up at a job, any job, given how scarce they were. "Alright."

"First, you will not have sexual relations with patrons on the premises. Who and what you do on your own time is entirely up to you. Secondly, no one will touch you. No one will harm you in any way here. If you are uncomfortable with anyone for any reason, you need only to tell me or Philippe. Thirdly, when you wait on the patrons or their guests, you will be serving them drinks or bringing them their own personal toy chests, which are stored here on the premises, and that is all. If they ask for more than that, you will tell me. The final point about Dragon's Lair is that we provide complete anonymity. Everyone who is a member is given a number, and they have cash-only accounts. When they reach their limit, either Philippe or I will discuss it with them. You may accept tips, but you will be paid well enough that you will not even have to worry about it."

It sounded too good to be true. "How well paid exactly?" His answering chuckle told her that he liked her response. Part of her wished that he liked more than that, but something about him frightened her.

"We will start out at two hundred-fifty dollars a night. If you last the week, it will then be three hundred. We are only open Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. You are more than welcome to work elsewhere during your days off."

"I'll take the job," she said, breathless. She couldn't afford to pass up that kind of money. In spite of that, panic set in. What would she see? What sorts of games would be played before her very eyes.

Remy stood. "I will show you around."

He took her to the bar and showed her the selection of drinks. The bartender would handle putting everything together; she only had to name the drinks. He explained that most people preferred bottles of wine or champagne, along with the occasional shots. He showed her the discreetly placed numbers on the alcoves that would allow her to identify what number went where. Afterward, he led her down a hallway to a locked door. The door had a small keypad, and he pressed the pass code into it before the door whooshed open.

"This is where members store their toys. Most items are in boxes. Some items that are too large for the storage chests are individually tagged," he said, gesturing toward another area of open shelves.

Lilly glanced at those items. One in particular caught her eye. It was a large wooden bench on a rocker. She studied it for a moment before realizing that the protrusion in the center of the bench was not a handle, but a phallus. The bench boasted a built-in dildo. Blushing, she turned away quickly.

"You will not have to retrieve the larger items. For that, either Philippe or I will escort the members back here to retrieve the items themselves. If they wish for their storage chests, they will give you their numbered key for their locker. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she replied. She knew that her anxiety had to be

rolling off her in waves. There was something vaguely predatory about Remy, and she didn't doubt for a moment that he could sense her unease.

"You have to nothing to fear, *cher*. We take very good care of our people."

"I don't know... I've never... I didn't even know places like this existed," she finally managed to murmur.

Her innocence was both shocking and alluring at the same time. Some part of him that had managed to hang onto a shred of morality forced him to say, "I can get you a job somewhere else. I can have you waiting tables in a restaurant on Royal Street. The work will be hard, the pay will be shit, and you will be fighting off leering drunks grabbing your ass. If you work here for me, you will see things you have never even dreamed of... and you will be perfectly safe. You have the opportunity to be a spectator in a sexual arena where you can explore your darkest and wildest fantasies without ever having to do a thing."

Remy watched her shiver in response. Her nipples pebbled beneath her dress, and he could smell her growing desire. It was tempting, far too tempting. He wouldn't be able to resist her for long.

"And if I decide I want a more active role in exploring my fantasies?"

Remy's smile shifted as darker, more predatory, and infinitely sexier thoughts filled his head. He leaned forward, placing his hands on either side of her head, pinning her to the lockers. She was everything he wanted, but patience would make taking her even sweeter. "I take good care of my people, *cher*."

"What do I wear for work? I don't have to be naked, do I?"

Remy laughed at the scared rabbit look on her face. Her breath shuddered from between her parted lips, a blatant testament to both her fear and her desire. He was

not a man to be toyed with it and it pleased him that she recognized it. Granting her a small reprieve, he crossed to a small closet and reached inside. He pulled out a simple garment. It was Grecian in style, two pieces of fabric that tied together at the shoulders and again at the waist. It would only cover her to the middle of her thighs. "The members will begin to arrive shortly. Put this on, and we will get started."

* * * * *

By the end of the night, Lilly's feet ached. It was worth it though. She was going home with a healthy two hundred dollars in tips, plus the base pay Remy had talked about with her earlier. With what she had in savings, she had made enough money in one night to cover the rent on her tiny apartment for the next month. Of course, it hadn't been all sunshine and rainbows. There had been a few moments when she had thought she just wanted to run away. There were no rules at Dragon's Lair. Couples, groups, every combination of genders, and even transgender individuals were there. Some were into bondage; others were into voyeurism. She'd seen every manner of restraint, sex toy, and position that was possible in the first hour of her shift. Of course, that wasn't entirely accurate. Every time she thought there couldn't possibly be more, there was. But Remy had been true to his word. No one touched her other than to take their toy chests from her and pass her a generous tip. She was invisible to them, nothing more than hired help.

Glancing at the clock over the bar, she noted that it was just after three. The club had closed less than ten minutes ago and had already emptied out. Patrons had stumbled out in various states of undress to collapse into waiting limos with their lovers. The bartender was the young

man she'd seen in the hallway. She still had no idea who the woman was that he'd been with. She had been the only waitress. He smiled at her, and she smiled back automatically.

"Good night?" he asked, gesturing to the black leather pouch at her waist that held her tips.

"It's good for me. Not sure what the normal tips are, but it's more money than I've ever made in a night."

"Tips are good here. Folks are real generous when they're having this much fun," he said. The grin quickly faded from his face, and he cleared his throat. Lilly didn't have to ask or look to know that Remy was behind her. She smelled the faint spiciness of his cologne and felt the heat coming off him.

"Lilly, you did very well tonight. Many of our patrons sang your praises," Remy said softly.

"I just tried to be unobtrusive and make sure everyone had what they needed," she said. It was the story of her life. She'd been doing it ever since her parents' accident.

"Well, it was successful. Philippe will see you home now."

"Oh, that isn't necessary! I only live a few blocks away and—"

Remy held up his hand, forestalling further protests. "Lilly, Philippe will see you home. It is the middle of the night, and you are carrying a significant amount of cash. Do not be foolish."

With it put so bluntly, Lilly couldn't argue. The idea of walking home in the dark held little enough appeal to begin with. "Of course. You're right...I'll just go and change."

"There's no need. You'll be quite safe with Philippe." Remy offered her his arm and led her to the front door of the club where Philippe awaited them, standing sentry as the last of the impossibly drunk club members moved out the door toward their waiting stretch Hummer. Remy

watched him move, the grace and preternatural strength calling to him.

"Philippe, please see Lilly safely home."

Philippe walked over and took her arm from Remy's. Remy thrilled at the brief touch of Philippe's hand on his arm and at Lilly's indrawn breath when she saw the contact. He knew the look that passed between them carried a wealth of meaning and could also have set the place on fire. Unable to resist, Remy fisted his hands in Philippe's hair and tugged him in for a hot kiss. He could feel Lilly's eyes on them as she watched their tongues meld and their lips caress one another.

When the kiss broke, both men were breathless. Remy smiled at Philippe. "I'll wait up for you, but there's no need to hurry. I've a couple hours of work ahead of me here."

Philippe's nod indicated he had understood the thinly veiled command in that statement. Remy's smile deepened as he imagined what was to come. Philippe would seduce Lilly to begin the process of claiming her. Remy knew that Philippe was hardly opposed to the idea. Lilly was a divine creature, her lush and sinful body a charming contrast to her seemingly innocent nature.

Philippe's voice was gruff with desire when he replied. "I understand."

Remy nodded and sent them off. Philippe would come back to him smelling of Lilly's sex. The very idea made his engorged cock pulse. He wanted her, as did Philippe, but she was not ready for what they had in mind. Tonight, Philippe's seduction of her would be an initiation. Watching them leave through the front door of the club and climb into the sleek Mercedes, he tried to focus on the work that waited for him. Knowing it was futile, he unzipped his pants and took his cock in hand. He thought of them together, of Philippe's hard body covering Lilly's softer form and the sweet moans that would escape her beautiful lips when

Philippe thrust his cock into her. It took only a few quick strokes for him to come. The hot liquid jetted from his cock over his hand, his body shuddering with the release. It wasn't what he wanted, but it would tide him over.

* * * * *

Lilly sat in the passenger seat of a car that cost more than the house she grew up in. She was totally silent, having no idea what to say to the man next to her. Had she misread his interest in her? Had his banter at the door earlier in the day been just harmless flirtation? She hadn't anticipated that he and Remy were a couple. As hot as their kiss had been, she couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed that two such gorgeous men weren't playing co-ed.

"Which house is it?" Philippe asked as he turned onto one of the narrow streets in the Marigny area.

"It's the carriage house actually, behind number 834." Lilly gestured toward the appropriate driveway, and Philippe steered the car down the rutted lane and shifted it into park.

The neighborhood was not the best in New Orleans, but it was hardly the worst. "I don't like the idea of you walking to and from the club and having to pass through such dangerous territory. This isn't the best neighborhood. I'll walk you in. It isn't safe out here."

He was out of the car and walking around to her door before Lilly could even utter the protest that had formed on her lips. Muttering under her breath about domineering men, she dug her keys out of her purse and allowed him to escort her to the door. Once there, he promptly took the keys from her hands and, unlocking the door, ushered her inside. When the door closed, she realized that he was right behind her. She could feel the rough texture of his

jeans as he brushed against the backs of her thighs. She wished that she'd changed into street clothes as her "uniform" left so much of her skin bare, exposed to the slightest touch.

"A cup of coffee would be nice," Philippe said, "but you've been on your feet all night. Sit and I'll make it for us."

Lilly swallowed convulsively. "Oh...well, alright. The kitchen is right through there."

Philippe moved into the small kitchen. Everything in the tiny apartment was ultra feminine. He felt like a bull in a china shop. Still, he managed to make the coffee without breaking anything. She had true chicory coffee, and once it was brewing, he returned to the living room. He paused in the doorway, simply drinking in the sight of her.

Lilly had sat down on the couch and removed her sandals. The silk of her toga had parted and revealed the gorgeous curves of her legs from her hip all the way down to her dainty toes with their hot pink polished nails. As she leaned over to massage her feet, the toga gaped, revealing the curves of her breasts, and her hair fell enticingly over her shoulders. His cock, already hard, leapt at the display. He knew, even as he approached, there was a real possibility she would turn him down. The kiss with Remy would either have turned her on or repulsed her. He just had to find out which, and that meant pulling out the secret weapons.

With his goal in mind, Philippe moved to the couch and settled himself on the opposite end from Lilly. "Let me help you with that," he said, and lifted her feet into his lap.

He didn't know if it was exhaustion or the temptation that he provided, but she didn't protest, and he seized the opportunity. His large hands dwarfed her feet as he used his thumbs to apply just the right amount of pressure. Her neck arched, and a loud moan escaped her before she could stop herself. She blushed at his answering chuckle,

and it only intensified his body's response to her.

Philippe watched the pink blossom on her cheeks and smiled. "Like that, do you?"

"It feels heavenly, but I really shouldn't let you do this. I can't imagine what Remy would say."

Philippe shrugged, never breaking the rhythm of his hands as he worked the tension from her ankles and her lovely feet. "Remy and I have been together for a long time. We both pursue our own interests on occasion."

"I don't want to offend you, but I honestly had no idea when I met either of you... and my gaydar is pretty accurate most of the time."

"Perhaps that's because we're not gay."

"But you're lovers?" she asked.

"Yes, but you might say that we have varied interests. Both Remy and I love women."

"And other men?"

"No, I've never had any desire to be with a man other than Remy." He didn't add that he and Remy weren't exactly "men".

He didn't want to talk, and he didn't want to answer any more questions. There were things he wasn't ready to tell her yet. To still further questions, he pressed his thumb against a particularly sensitive spot on the inner arch of her foot. Her head fell back, and she let out an earthy groan. In spite of the arousing effect, he felt her pull away. He sensed her embarrassment as she pulled her feet from his lap.

"I feel much better now. Thank you."

"I can make you feel even better, *cher*," he offered.

"The coffee should be ready," Lilly replied as she headed for the kitchen.

Philippe was stunned. She had actually gotten off the couch and walked away from him. He had never had a woman walk away from his foot massage before. Curious, he rose from the couch and followed her into the kitchen.

She had placed two mugs on the counter, but he caught her hand before she reached for the coffee pot. He tugged her to him, pressing her chest against his. He felt the tight buds of her nipples pressing against his chest and the softness of her belly yielding to the bulge of his aching cock.

"I don't really want coffee, darlin'. I want you."

"It isn't right—"

Philippe swallowed her protest with a drugging kiss. It was aggressive and bold. His lips claimed hers, tugging with his teeth, sucking her bottom lip into his mouth, his tongue delving between her lips, mimicking the thrust of his hips as he ground his raging hard-on against her. "Let me touch you, *cher*. I want to feel your skin against mine, to hear you cry my name when I make you come," he whispered hotly.

Lilly wanted to say no, but she simply couldn't speak. She was caught up in a maelstrom of heat as his hands stroked her breasts through the thin fabric of her toga. She felt him pressing against her and couldn't quite fathom that a cock could be that big. The size of it was stunning. Her good intentions hadn't fled entirely, but they were struggling against the sensual onslaught. Her already taut nipples were teased into hardened buds that all but begged for the heat of his mouth. As if he'd heard her thoughts, he dipped his head and closed his mouth over one peak. The rasp of his tongue through the silk and the scrape of teeth followed by the hot pull as he suckled that bud deep into the recesses of his mouth had her screaming. Her hands fisted in his hair, and her hips rocked instinctively against him, seeking release.

Philippe's smile as he took her other nipple into his mouth was the sexiest thing she'd ever seen. When his lips closed around her other nipple, repeating the exquisite torture he'd visited on its twin, she thought the pleasure would drive her over the edge.

He would have her. Within minutes, he would be sinking balls deep into the liquid heat of her pussy. He groaned at the thought, the sound humming over her engorged nipple, making her shiver. He lifted her onto the counter and spread her thighs. As his mouth played over her breasts, he slid his hand over her inner thigh, past the thin barrier of her panties to the soft nest of curls. She was trimmed but not shaved, and he loved it. He brushed his hands over those damp curls before slipping one finger between the slick folds. He flicked the hard bud of her clit, and she arched back, his name falling from her lips. He had to grit his teeth to keep from coming.

Philippe shifted her on the counter, pulling her to the edge for better access to her most secret depths. A coffee mug fell to the floor, shattering. The mood shattered as well as she pulled away from him.

"No!" Lilly said. "I can't do this. I work for Remy, and even if he is okay with you taking lovers, I wouldn't feel right about it. It would only make things more complicated."

Philippe bit the inside of his cheek. He wanted to shout. He wanted to jerk her thighs apart and bury his cock inside her anyway. But he wouldn't. No matter how his physical desires raged, he would never take a woman against her will. Well, not unless it had been prearranged as part of their play and the lack of consent was merely for the sake of fantasy. He stepped back to allow her to slide from the counter, but immediately thought better of it. Broken glass littered the floor, and her feet were bare. He swept her into his arms and strode toward the other room.

"You'll cut your feet," he said gruffly as he carried her to the couch.

Lilly didn't know what to think. She was more confused than she had ever been in her life. She heard the door click shut behind him and dropped her head into her hands. Her behavior was completely out of character, but more than

that, she regretted stopping him. Every instinct she possessed demanded she run to the door and call him back. When the engine of the car revved and she heard the crunch of tires on gravel, she knew it was too late. "What have I gotten myself into?" she muttered aloud.

Chapter Two

Lilly walked toward the bar, carrying a silver tray. Her breasts swayed loosely beneath the silk toga, and as she passed over the air conditioning vent, the garment fluttered up, revealing one ivory globe of her sweet ass and the bit of lace that she wore beneath. Remy reclined on the chaise, crossing his legs at the ankle. The bulge of his cock was obvious, and he made no move to hide it. He wanted her to see.

It was her second weekend at the club. The first had been a rousing success. She had worked hard, seen to the customers, and been utterly professional and unflappable even in the midst of things that had caused even Philippe to raise an eyebrow. She had not, however, taken Philippe up on his offer. Remy smiled as he thought of Philippe's grudging admission that Lilly had turned him down, even after his famous foot massage. His smile faded when he recalled that she had turned him down as well. Their brief interlude in the storage room had been the first indication that Lilly, in spite of her apparent softness, had a will of iron. For Remy that only cemented the fact that she was the one. Every night she worked at the club, Philippe would drive her home. She would allow him to see her to the door, but never allowed him to go any farther. He'd allowed it to go

on so long because it had amused him to see Philippe so befuddled by her. But his own desires were beginning to rage more hotly than was comfortable. It was time the farce ended. He had decided that they would claim her that night.

Philippe entered the club then, having locked the door. Patrons could exit, but not return. It was that time of night, or morning to be more precise. Remy watched him stroll across the lounge, noting the play of muscle in his thighs as he moved. Philippe was the embodiment of power—tall and strong with muscles that rippled and flexed with every move. He was a fierce fighter and could be both ruthless and merciless. That only made it sweeter when he submitted. Frustrated by Lilly's apparent virtue, Remy was on edge. Some rough play was precisely what they both needed to regain perspective.

"Everything is locked up tight," Philippe said as he entered the alcove where Remy awaited him. "The club is emptying out. I expect the stragglers to leave before the hour is up."

"Did I give you to permission speak?" Remy said. His voice was cold, but he knew there was no disguising the fire in his eyes. Someone else might have thought Remy was genuinely angry, but the game was familiar to them both, and he knew Philippe would respond accordingly. A hint of resistance was required to make it more interesting. When Philippe did speak, his voice was low and husky, revealing the desire that burned inside him. It fanned the flames of Remy's own desire.

"No, Master Remy, you did not."

Remy pointed to the floor. "On your knees. Crawl to me."

Philippe dropped to his knees and, on all fours, approached the chaise. Had he been a true submissive, meek and obedient to Remy, his eyes would have been downcast. But he was not. Even on his knees, his head was

held high, proud, and his eyes never left the bulging cock that strained against Remy's well tailored pants.

Remy reached out, tangling his hands in Philippe's long hair, dragging it free from its restraints so that it fell in wild disarray over his massive shoulders. "Suck my cock."

Philippe reached for Remy's belt, but Remy halted him, meeting his questioning gaze.

"Yes, master?"

"I did not tell you to remove clothes. I told you to suck my cock."

It was a ploy, designed to prolong the pleasure for both of them. Dutifully, even eagerly, Philippe rose to his knees and leaned forward, his hot mouth closing over the head of Remy's cock through the fabric. The texture was rough on his tongue, the zipper abrading his lips. Even then, he could smell the musk of Remy's need and feel the heat of him. Philippe's own cock had hardened to the point of agony, strangled as it was behind the fly of his jeans.

Remy's hand tightened in Philippe's hair, tugging painfully. Philippe's cock had hardened to the point of pain. He was so hot, so desperate to come, but unwilling to let the play end so soon. With another tug of his hair, Remy pulled Philippe's mouth from him.

"You're very good at that. How many cocks have you sucked?"

There was one way to increase the intensity of their play. Resistance always made it better. Philippe quirked his eyebrow in a direct challenge before he replied, "Not as many as you."

God, he loved Philippe, Remy thought. No one played with him the way that Philippe would. "You will have to be punished for your insolence. Strip."

Philippe rose, lifting the black T-shirt from his body, revealing hard muscles covered with a light dusting of golden hair. The tattoo on his arm extended up his

shoulder, and then over his back before disappearing into the waistband of his jeans. When they too had been stripped away, the tail of the tribal dragon could be seen curling over his hip and thigh. Philippe's cock stood proudly at attention, jutting from the nest of burnished, gold curls. It was long and agonizingly thick. When Philippe played the Dom in their little games and slid that monstrous cock into the tight ring of Remy's ass, it was an exquisite combination of pleasure and pain. At that moment, Remy almost wished they had chosen the other route for that night, but it was too late now.

"I don't think my bare hand will do for your discipline tonight. I think I need my paddle."

Remy pressed the button on the wall that would signal for Lilly to come over. Watching her for the past few weekends had been torture. Waiting for Lilly, with her bouncing breasts and sweetly curved ass, to come around had nearly driven them both mad with lust. Perhaps pushing her a bit further was the answer. Under normal circumstances, he would have turned Philippe to face the wall, planting his hands on it with his legs spread as he waited for his punishment. He chose not to. He wanted her to see Philippe's cock, to smell her when her pussy grew damp at the sight.

* * * * *

Lilly glanced at the light board placed discreetly behind the bar. Remy never called for her. If he wanted a drink, he would typically get it for himself. Worried that there was a problem, she crossed the now empty expanse of the club until she reached their small alcove. Her breath caught and her step faltered as she passed through the gauzy curtain. Philippe stood naked before her. She had never seen anything as magnificent as his gloriously naked body. He

was perfect in every way. Her eyes traveled over the broad expanse of his shoulders and chest, down to where his cock strained and pulsed. It was thicker than her wrist and had to be more than ten inches in length. Even on his massive frame, it looked gargantuan. Her pussy wept for it immediately.

Every night, since her first night at the club, she had gone back to her lonely apartment and had pleased herself with the vibrator she had purchased. She had regretted a dozen times over that she had turned him down, even though in her heart of hearts, she still knew it was the right choice. She'd been equally tormented by the blazing kiss she'd shared with Remy only the day before. He'd cornered her in the storage room, hot and predatory. It only made him more appealing. He'd claimed her mouth in a staggering kiss, his hands toying with her breasts. Had it not been for the first patrons arriving, she might have given in right there.

Still, every night, while she'd masturbated and fucked herself with that bit of battery powered heaven, she had fantasized about them, how they would look together. She had even tried to envision what it would look like to be between them, braving the dangerous waters of internet pornography to find videos of "threesomes". She'd waded through tons of them, most of them featuring women together, until she'd found a select few that showed her a woman being pleased by two men. Even those didn't compare to what she was seeing. Because unlike the men in the videos who never touched one another, Philippe and Remy were apparently more than willing to pleasure one another as well.

"Thank you, Lilly," Remy said as he handed her a small numbered key. "Bring our toy chest, if you would."

Lilly looked down at the key in her hand and, unable to speak, nodded. As she walked toward the locker room, she

felt the familiar dampness gathering between her legs. There was no disguising the hardness of her nipples as her breasts bounced and swayed under her toga, thrilling at the sensual abrasion of the silk. Retrieving the chest, she couldn't help but wonder what was in it. Since taking the job at the club, she'd seen every manner of device imaginable. She had seen giant dildos made from wood, glass, marble, and one patron had even brought one in carved from ice. She'd seen vibrators in every shape and size imaginable; restraints made from silk, satin, leather, velvet, and even the clichéd fuzzy handcuffs had been paraded out. She'd watched patrons spank one another with paddles, whips, belts, switches, their bare hands, and she'd even watched one man whip his lover with his cock. What secrets were buried in Remy's treasure chest, she wondered.

* * * * *

Remy walked over to Philippe and, reaching out, stroked his fingertips lightly over the prominent veins of Philippe's swollen cock. He smiled, breaking character for a moment, as he whispered in Philippe's ear, "If seeing this monster doesn't make her give in, nothing will. You could tempt a saint with that thing."

With the breach in character, Philippe did what he had wanted to all night. He grasped the back of Remy's neck and pulled him in for a searing kiss. Their lips met, tongues tangling together. He knew that Remy loved the feel of his beard, and he moved the bristly hair over the other man's cheek as he delved his tongue into the spicy heat of Remy's mouth. When he broke the kiss, he said, "We'll have her tonight." Glancing out at the club, which was now completely deserted save for the bartender who was cleaning up, he continued. "You should ask her to watch my punishment. Our Lilly has a tender heart."

Remy chuckled. "You think you'll get a pity fuck out of it?"

"I'll take what I can get at this point. Every time she walks by, I can smell her cunt. It's killing me."

Philippe looked at Remy, his eyes conveying a truth that was irrefutable to them both. Philippe had never wanted a woman in all his eight hundred years the way that he desired Lilly. He couldn't imagine that it was any different for Remy. The scent of her, the silken texture of her skin, the gentle waves of her dark hair, along with the lush globes of her breasts and her ever erect nipples were driving him mad. At the sound of her approach, Remy stepped away from him. He missed his nearness immediately, but he knew they had to play it just right. If not, he would walk away for good.

"I'll be going now," she said, her voice hesitant. "I will be back at five tomorrow."

"Stay for a bit, Lilly," Remy urged. "Philippe and I rarely get to engage when we still have an audience." Before she could protest, he said, "At this point, it will be nothing you haven't seen countless times from other patrons, but it does add a bit of spice for us."

She couldn't disagree. People had been doing things she'd never even dreamed of right in front of her eyes for the past week. Of course, she hadn't fantasized about joining them. Still, it would be rude to deny his request without providing a genuine reason, and the reason would only humiliate her. "Where should I sit?"

Remy smiled. "You can lie on the chaise. Your feet must be aching after such a long night."

They were, but she'd forgotten them. At the sight of Philippe's imposing prick, she'd forgotten a lot of things. Moving to the chaise, she positioned herself carefully so that she could have a clear view of them. With a side view of Philippe's cock, she creamed even more. It curved

upward on the end in such a way she knew he would make her come like nothing else. It was as if his body had been designed to find a woman's G-spot. Struggling to keep her breathing steady, she watched Remy rummaging through the box.

As she looked on, he selected several items and approached Philippe. The first item was a leather collar that fastened around Philippe's neck. It connected with a chain to a smaller leather ring. Her face flushed, and she couldn't hold back a moan as she watched Remy fasten the leather cuff around Philippe's cock and balls, but Remy didn't bind his hands. . Lilly knew that Philippe was physically more powerful than Remy and could have stopped him at any time, but he stood meekly, willfully submitting. Lilly searched his face, and when their eyes met, heat arced between them. The show was for her.

"Face the wall," Remy said, and his voice sounded cold and hard to her ears. It was at odds with the hot look in his eyes.

Philippe complied, and Remy returned to the chest. Lilly watched him as he selected and discarded several items before finally settling on a riding crop. She knew that it was perfectly weighted and would raise only the lightest of welts on the skin. Remy strode back to where Philippe leaned against the wall, his biceps flexing. Lilly's breath caught in her throat as he brought the crop down over the taut curves of Philippe's well defined ass. Again and again, the crop struck him and red marks bloomed across his smooth skin.

Lilly couldn't breathe, couldn't move. Seated on the chaise, her pussy aching and wet, she was locked beneath Philippe's hot gaze. He never flinched, never moved, though she knew he had to hurt from the rough treatment. Instead, his eyes were focused on her, watching the flush that spread over her cheeks and down her chest to the

upper swells of her breasts, visible above the top of her garment. Each blow, each flick of the crop against him made his cock bob and made her mouth water.

Philippe smiled as he noted Lilly's arousal. He inhaled deeply, savoring the scent of her. He wanted to sink his cock into the tight heat of her, to feel the hard buds of her nipples pressed against him. The riding crop slithered over his ass, the soft touch making the burn of the previous blows more pronounced. His cock pulsed in anticipation. The tip of the crop slid between his cheeks, teasing the tight opening there, before dipping lower. He knew Remy would be careful; he trusted him to take all three of them to edge and back.

"I've spanked your ass so often you seem to have become immune," Remy mused as he traced the tasseled tip of crop over the tight orbs of Philippe's testicles. He moved it forward a bit farther, caressing Philippe's cock with it. He smiled when Philippe shivered. "Ah, there's the response I was looking for."

Carefully avoiding the tight spheres of Philippe's balls, Remy snapped the crop upward until it slapped against the underside of that massive cock with an audible snap. Philippe's breath hissed out, but it was the startled gasp and soft moan from the chaise that made Remy smile. He repeated the process, and this time, Philippe's head dropped forward on a muffled curse. It wasn't truly the pain, Remy knew. He could tell from the faint trembling in Philippe's rock hard thighs he was enjoying it tremendously. Turning his attention to Lilly, he said, "Do you think it's too much? Have I punished him too severely?"

Remy could read the indecision on her face. The scene they had played out for her had disturbed her, but he knew that it had aroused her as well.

"Yes, you have to stop this," she said.

Remy smiled. It seemed Philippe had been right about

her kind heart. He placed his hand on Philippe's ass, caressing it gently, stroking each angry mark. "Perhaps you would like to soothe his abused flesh, no?"

The longing she felt was written clearly on her face, Remy thought, as she moved from the chaise and came to stand beside him. Timidly, at first, she placed her hands on the taut globes of Philippe's ass. Remy placed his hands atop hers, directing her touch. The heat rising from Philippe's skin was incredible, but it was miniscule compared to the heat that poured from the angry welts left from the beating. Tenderly, guiding her hands, they traced those lines with the smooth pads of her fingers, trying to massage away the hurt. When Philippe groaned loudly, she stopped immediately. "I'm sorry...I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Don't stop," Philippe growled. "It feels too good."

Lilly felt her clit throbbing. Swollen and hard, it had escaped its hood and was no doubt peeking through the nest of her curls, begging to be touched. Ignoring her own agonizing desire, she resumed her gentle massage of Philippe. Remy's hands had dropped away, and she continued on her own, tracing the welts, smoothing the hurt away with a touch that was soft and tender. She could feel Remy standing behind her, watching her every move. He stepped closer, and she felt the hard ridge of his cock nudging at the cheek of her ass.

Remy whispered in her ear, "Those marks do look very angry. Perhaps I was too harsh with him. Something cool and damp would soothe him, no doubt."

"I could get some ice, or a damp cloth."

Remy skated his hand over her thigh, up to the damp thatch of curls. "That's hardly necessary. We have a fountain right here."

Humiliation burned in her as he stroked the slick folds of her sex, but it faded into the pleasure of his hands on her skin. When his fingers were wet with her dew, his hand

glistering with it, he withdrew from her and began to methodically massage that dampness into Philippe's skin.

His teeth grazed her ear. "Nothing is ever as sweet and soothing as a gloriously wet cunt."

Lilly shivered, but made no move to stop him as he dampened his hand in her sex, and repeated the process on Philippe's other cheek. "You've made your point, Remy. I can't deny that I want you—that I want you both." Lilly looked at both men, at their gorgeous faces and even more gorgeous bodies. Had there ever been a choice? she wondered. It seemed inevitable that she would surrender to her desire for them.

Philippe turned to face them both fully as Remy tugged at the chain connecting the collar and cuff that graced Philippe from neck to cock.

"He has other marks for you to soothe, my sweet," Remy said.

Dropping to her knees in front of Philippe, she said, "A kiss should make it all better."

Philippe bit back a shout as her tongue touched his cock. She licked at the head, driving him to the brink of insanity. The feel of her delicate tongue on his skin was too much. As she worked her way down his shaft, kissing each mark, tracing each vein with her tongue, he wanted to come desperately. Had it not been for the tight cuff around his balls, he would never have been able to hold back. As she reached that cuff, her pink tongue tracing the leather band, he brought his hands to her head, cupping it tenderly.

"Now, now," Remy whispered, "we can't have you thinking you're in charge. Hands on the wall."

It nearly killed him, but Philippe managed to do as he'd been told. He extricated his hands from the silky, dark waves of Lilly's hair and placed them flat on the wall on either side of his hips. He couldn't help the thrusting of his hips as his body instinctively arched into the velvet heat of

her mouth. There wasn't a man or creature alive that could have resisted that.

When she pulled back, breathless, Philippe thought he'd never seen a more beautiful woman. His cock was so thick she had barely been able to get her mouth around it. Her efforts had left her already full lips swollen.

"Enough games. No more master and slave. I know why you did it, but I'm here now, and not going anywhere," she said.

Remy smiled, and Philippe gave an audible sigh of relief. The games were fun, and over the years, they had needed to add variety to their relationship, but with Lilly, it was different. They both needed her too much, were too desperate to be able to follow rules. Without a word, he unlatched the collar and cuff from Philippe, who immediately grabbed him for a ravishing kiss. Philippe's tongue stroked boldly into his mouth, and Remy's cock leapt in response. He felt a touch, a tentative one, at the waistband of his pants, and knew that it was Lilly. He thrust against her hand helplessly while he sucked Philippe's tongue eagerly into his mouth. He wanted to shout when his cock sprang free and into her waiting hands. The softness of her hands on him was so different, so foreign to him, and yet nothing had ever felt more right.

Breaking the kiss, Remy hauled her up and pulled her between them, sandwiching her between their hard muscular bodies. They both descended upon the sweetness of her mouth, alternately thrusting their tongues into her mouth and into each other's. It was Philippe who gathered her in his arms. He lay down on the chaise and pulled her atop him, to straddle him. Remy moved behind her and released the ties of her toga, tossing it to the floor.

On her knees, Philippe hot and hard between her thighs, Lilly didn't think about her cellulite or the roundness of her belly. She could only feel. Remy's hands were

roaming her breasts, his mouth hot on her neck, while Philippe stroked her thighs and thrust shallowly against her, the hard ridge of his cock bumping her engorged clit through her thin lace panties. She wanted them gone, the last barrier between them. As if he'd read her mind, Philippe hooked his fingers into the side of her panties and ripped. He repeated the process and then tossed the ruined lingerie to the floor.

Eagerly, Lilly rose up, parting her labia. There was no clearer invitation. Philippe shifted slightly, moving into position. With one hand, he guided his cock to the tight entrance of her sheath. The blunt head of his cock nudged at the parted lips of her sex. He moved his cockhead up and down her slit, over her burgeoning clit, until it was slick and wet. Only then did he press into her. With only the head inside her, he stopped. She was clamped so tightly he could go no farther.

With her eyes squeezed shut and her clenched fists resting on Philippe's chest, Lilly shook her head. "You're too big; it's impossible."

Remy whispered into her ear, "No, *cher*, you can take all of him. I will help you."

Lilly gasped as Remy reached down between her thighs and began to stroke her clit. With quick, flicking motions he brought her to the brink of release, and when he closed his teeth over one pebbled nipple, she screamed. With another flick of his skilled fingers, her climax rippled through her. Each shudder pulled Philippe's cock deeper into her channel, and the deeper his penetration, the harder her climax.

When the last shudder finally escaped her, Philippe's massive cock was more than halfway inside her. Lilly moved slightly, experimentally, and the pleasure built anew. Forcing herself to relax around him, she took another inch. It hurt, but at the same time sent ripples of pleasure through

her. She shifted again and pressed down. Heat and pleasure exploded inside her. He was so thick, so long, that he touched her everywhere, filled her completely. She came again, immediately.

Remy felt the rush of liquid on his fingers and smiled. He flicked her clitoris, the lightest of taps, and she screamed. He looked at Philippe, and they both knew in that instant that she was not simply a lover to share, another brief interlude. Any lingering doubts were dispelled in that moment. She was their mate. Their need for her had been more intense than anything they'd ever felt before. Remy rose and quickly stripped off his clothes. In order for them to claim her, they both had to be inside her. He retrieved a bottle of oil from their treasure chest and lubed his cock liberally. When he climbed back onto the chaise, kneeling behind her, Remy poured the oil over the cleft of her ass, watching it slide between the lush cheeks. He dipped his fingers in, rubbing the oil into her skin, before pressing one finger into her tight rosebud.

"Lean forward. Lay your head on Philippe's chest," Remy instructed. She sobbed with pleasure, even as she moved to do his bidding. He worked her asshole gently, stretching her before inserting a second finger. She quivered around his questing hand, and Philippe's shuddering groan was impossible to miss. They were both close to the brink. When both of Remy's fingers could slide easily in and out of her anus, he positioned his cock at the tight entrance and pressed forward.

The sound that escaped her was part scream and part moan. It wasn't entirely pleasure. Remy paused, offering her a chance to protest. Instead, she pushed back against him, taking more of him inside her. He pressed forward, sliding deeper into her, joining them more fully. She was so exquisitely tight and so responsive.

"More," she managed to say, though the sound was

more animal than human. "More!"

"Oh, *cher!*" Remy said as he delved deeper, pressing his cock as far inside her as he could. With each pump of his hips, she bounced on Philippe's cock. Setting an easy rhythm, Remy struggled for control. In order for it to work, they would all have to come together.

"Yes," Lilly cried. "Fuck me harder!"

Remy gritted his teeth and did just that. He thrust faster, harder, and deeper into her tight ass. Her body clutched at him, tightening around him as the tension built inside her again. He placed his hands on the taut globes of her ass and began to knead them as he drove into her again and again. He could hear Philippe moaning. In his heightened state of desire, he'd reverted to their native language. It didn't matter. It was a series of obscenities interspersed with pleas for them to never stop.

"You will be ours, Lilly. After tonight, you will belong to Philippe and me. Do you understand?"

"Yes! I understand!"

"You must say the words, Lilly!"

"I belong to you... to you and Philippe," she moaned. "Oh, please, Remy! I need to come!"

Remy smiled. It wasn't the prettiest of oaths, but it would do. "After tonight, everything will be change. There's no going back." He pressed deep one final time, before reaching between their bodies. He didn't caress her clit but grasped the labia tightly, so that with each thrust, her clit was squeezed tightly within those slick folds.

She screamed out her pleasure as her body began to spasm. Remy pumped harder and faster, and Philippe began to groan as his release took him. Together they were filling her. Jets of hot cum spurted into her body, Philippe filling her hot pussy and Remy filling her ass. Before the last shudders, Remy closed his mouth over her neck and bit down. His fangs pierced her skin, and her

orgasm began anew. He took only a small amount of her blood. It tasted impossibly sweet, but he ignored that temptation. Raising his head from her, he watched the crimson rivulet run down the ivory slope of her breast and onto the dusky pink of her nipple. It hung suspended there for a moment before Philippe rose up and sucked the drop greedily into his mouth. His tongue followed its path back to her neck, where he too clamped down and sucked the essence of her into his mouth.

"You are our mate, Lilly. By taking your blood and giving you our seed, you've been altered. You are now a dragonswan," Philippe whispered against her ear.

Lilly wanted to ask, wanted to demand answers, but the intensity of what she had just experienced had robbed her of the ability to even formulate the question. Her body still shuddered as Philippe closed his arms about her. They withdrew from her, and she was limp with satiation. She didn't speak as he laid her gently on the chaise. Her eyes fell closed with exhaustion, with complete satisfaction. Philippe looked up at Remy, but neither of them spoke. Words were unnecessary.

Chapter Three

It was several hours later that Lilly finally awoke in a bed large enough for an army. The surroundings were unfamiliar, and her face heated as she recalled precisely where she had been and what she had been doing when she had blacked out. She also noted that she felt different. She looked around the room, taking note of the luxurious surroundings, but more importantly taking note of her own vision. Everything was sharper, clearer. Even from across the room, she could make out the intricate carvings on the small statue atop the mantel. Also, she should be sore. There was no way that she could have done the things she had with both Remy and Philippe and not felt the aftereffects.

"You're awake, *cher*," Remy said, entering the room. "And more beautiful than ever." His dark hair was tousled, and he wore only a pair of jeans that must have been tailor made for his lean, muscular frame. Looking at him was enough to make Lilly's mouth water, along with other parts of her anatomy. She noted the tattoo that snaked over his arm. It was nearly identical to Philippe's.

Curious as to what he found so appealing, Lilly rose to her knees so she could see herself in the full-length cheval mirror in the corner of the room. Her hair was a hot mess, and there was no help for it. But she couldn't deny that there

was truth to his statement. Her skin positively glowed, her eyes were bright, and her rosy lips were still kiss swollen. She noted the faint bruising on her neck, and another memory snaked into her. They had bitten her, and not in the high school, make-out, hickey way. They had taken her blood. Not much, she was certain, or she wouldn't be waking up at all. Of course, considering the incredible, mind-numbing pleasure she had received, a little blood loss seemed minor. But still she had questions.

"Talk," she said. "You need to tell me what the hell is going on."

He smiled and said, "In just a moment, Philippe will be here, and all will be explained."

Lilly tugged the sheet more firmly around her. It wasn't as if they hadn't already seen and explored every inch of her body, but it made her feel moderately more in control to be at least covered. "Fine, but you can at least tell me where I am."

"We're in our home. Philippe and I have shared this house for many years, and now you will share it with us, or if you prefer, we can find another place, something that would be more suited to your tastes."

There couldn't be anything more suited to her tastes. Though she'd only seen one room, it reeked of Southern charm. Antiques and art mixed with modern comfortable pieces, but everything seemed to fit together in a way that she couldn't have found fault with even if she were inclined to try.

Philippe entered the room then, wearing a black T-shirt that molded to his chest and arms and a pair of sinfully tight jeans. He hadn't pulled his hair back and the loose blond waves made her itch to touch them. But her lust took a backseat to other needs as she noted the coffee cup in his hand and the familiar white bag from her favorite bakery. "I hope that's for me," she said.

Philippe chuckled as he crossed the room. He handed her the cup and the bag before toeing off his shoes and climbing onto the bed with her. "The coffee is yours; the pastries you have to share." The statement was accompanied by the lightest of caresses, his fingertips skimming over her shoulders and down her arms.

Lilly shivered in response. "Stop that! I want breakfast now."

"And us later?" he asked, beckoning for Remy to join them.

It wasn't really a question. After what she'd experienced with them the night before, she doubted that anything else would ever satisfy her. They had ruined her. When Remy settled himself at the foot of the bed, it took Lilly a moment to get her bearings. Looking at them both together was too distracting by far. "Yes, but I want explanations, so you talk while I eat."

"Philippe and I are immortal."

Lilly paused with a beignet midway to her lips. "Immortal?"

Lilly shivered as Philippe pressed a kiss against her spine. "Yes," he whispered, his beard brushing against her skin as his breath fanned over it. "Immortal. We are Acadian Dragons."

"Dragons...like scales and fire breathing?"

Remy clucked his tongue. "Philippe has no sense of romance. He rushes to the point without telling you the story behind it. Many centuries ago, that was our form, but as the world changed, so did we. In order to survive, our race had to adapt to the world around us, and that meant becoming more like men.

"In our other form, we had two hearts, and when we were changed into our present incarnations, we had to be split into two beings."

Lilly gave up on the pastries. It was too much to take in

and actually be able to chew at the same time. It didn't help that Philippe was touching her back, her shoulders, tangling his fingers into her hair, and all the while Remy was stroking her feet, his fingers trailing over the bones of her ankles and kneading the muscles of her calves. "So, you two are... what does that make you? Brothers?"

"It would be more like what you consider soul mates."

"If you two are soul mates, why do you need me?"

Philippe shrugged and began, "It is difficult to explain, but you know the legends. Dragons would abduct beautiful maidens—"

"And eat them," Lilly interrupted.

Remy chuckled. "You'll like being eaten by a dragon, I promise. While we were very desirous of female flesh, it wasn't for the sake of nourishment. It was to fulfill other desires, just as we did last night."

"We have been searching for centuries, Lilly," Philippe said, "for a woman who would accept us, and who would be as loyal to us as we are to one another. When you refused me, you sealed your fate. That night, Remy and I both knew you were the one for us."

"And when you drank my blood?"

"It is our mating ritual. You are not a dragon, but you are now mated to one, and for as long as Philippe and I live, so will you," Remy explained.

"And you didn't think maybe that you should just ask before you did that?" Lilly demanded. She wasn't questioning the truth of their tale. From the beginning, she had recognized that there was something different, otherworldly about them. Maybe it was okay for dragons to just go about taking what they wanted, but she was human, and it didn't work that way in her world.

Philippe shrugged again and said, "We're dragons. It's our nature to simply take what we want."

Remy moved toward her and took the coffee cup from

her hand. He pressed her back against the bed, coming down on top of her. There was a slight hitch to her breathing that told him she was finding it very difficult to hold on to her anger. "And we wanted you, Lilly. Like we've never desired a woman before. Can you really be angry? For eternity, you will have two men who will do whatever is necessary to please you."

"When you put it that way, it does seem a bit ungracious," she conceded.

Remy smiled slightly before taking her lips. He could taste the coffee and cream and the sweet spice that was simply her. He kissed her until she was breathless, until she was sighing into his mouth and clinging to him. He moved to her side and beckoned Philippe closer. Disentangling the sheet from her glorious body, he realized that her breasts were even more magnificent in the bright light of day. Large enough to overflow their hands, but not obscenely so, they bore dusky pink tips that pebbled under their hot gazes.

Philippe and Remy dipped their heads to her chest. They closed their mouths over the turgid peaks of her nipples, and Lilly moaned. Their lips, teeth and tongues played over her until she was panting.

"Please," she whimpered.

Recognizing her need, both Remy and Philippe stroked a hand over her abdomen, sliding together between her parted thighs. In tandem, they explored the honeyed folds of her sex, their fingers massaging her clit, pressing deep into her clenching sheath. Lilly's hips rose off the bed, meeting each caress. Her eagerness inflamed them.

Philippe's mouth left her breast, moving down her body to her fevered pussy. He inhaled the scent of her arousal, his cock hardening as he anticipated the salty-sweet taste of her and the feel of her cream on his tongue.

Remy shifted slightly so that his fingers were only thrusting into her sheath and her clit was laid bare for Philippe. To Lilly, he whispered, "I told you that you'd like being eaten by a dragon."

Philippe brushed his lips over her mound, his hot breath stirring her curls. Pressing his mouth to her clit, he traced it with only the tip of his tongue. Lilly's soft whimpers became hoarse cries as he repeated the process more forcefully. Each stroke of his tongue blazed a trail of fire through her. Again and again, Philippe tormented her with light, teasing strokes over her pulsing clit until Lilly was screaming, begging for release. He pressed his tongue against her clit, curling around it, engulfing it, flexing around it until she bucked beneath him. Withdrawing, he closed his lips over the hard pearl and suckled her deeply. She screamed in response. He could feel the spasms of pleasure as they rippled through her body.

"I need you inside me," she said breathlessly.

"Who?" Philippe demanded. "Who do you want inside you?"

"Both of you...together."

Remy rolled to his back and pulled her atop him. He didn't bother to remove his pants, just unfastened them until his long, throbbing cock sprang free. "Ride me," he said.

Lilly rose onto her knees, and though she trembled, she guided Remy's cock to her entrance. Wet as she was, she lowered herself onto his hard shaft, feeling it slide deeply inside her without resistance. He was so long she could feel his cockhead at the entrance to her womb. Carefully, she pressed down, taking him deeper. The pain and pleasure blended exquisitely. Behind her, she felt Philippe's massive cock pressing against her. She wanted him inside her, but felt a frisson of fear at the thought. Remy's cock had filled her ass to the point of pain, but Philippe was even thicker.

"Relax, love," Philippe whispered. "I will make it good for you."

Lilly tensed when he began to massage the oil into her skin, but it wasn't the puckered rosette of her ass that he touched. He was adding even more moisture to her pussy. The idea of both their cocks in her pussy, of them coming together inside her, triggered her orgasm. Her channel pulsed and rippled around Remy's cock, and he gritted his teeth.

When her orgasm eased and her body went soft and pliant, Philippe rose to his knees and touched his cock to Remy's, sliding the massive head over the base of Remy's cock. At Remy's muffled curse, he smiled.

"Stop tormenting us, Philippe," Remy demanded. "I can't last much longer."

Philippe nudged his cock at Lilly's entrance, and she whimpered. It was a sound of both pleasure and fear. It was impossible to hold on to the fear with them touching her so gently. Their hands slid soothingly over her back and thighs. She gasped as Philippe pressed in just a bit, fitting the head of his cock inside her. Their moans of pleasure were a chorus in the room. Lilly forced herself to relax, to let him push deeper, inch by inch, until he was fully inside her. Their movements were shallow, each thrust the smallest flexing of their hips. She could only imagine what they looked like.

"Yes," Remy sighed. "Fuck, just like that!"

Lilly shuddered, pressed between their bodies, their massive cocks filling her pussy. The fullness was incredible, the pleasure that she could sense from each of her lovers heightening her own. She kissed Remy, her tongue stroking into his mouth, mimicking the shallow thrusts of their joined cocks inside her. He groaned into her mouth, and she heard Philippe's muttered curse as he struggled to make the pleasure last. Abandoning Remy's lips, she rose up and turned her head to look at Philippe

over her shoulder. It was all the invitation he needed. He kissed her then, his tongue sliding boldly into her mouth, his hands reaching around to pluck at her nipples.

Lilly felt the slide of Remy's hand between their bodies as he placed his thumb on the protrusion of Lilly's clit. Each movement of his thumb drove her to the edge again. One orgasm was rolling into the next. It was Philippe who came first. She felt the tension in his body and then the first shudder of his orgasm. Remy followed quickly. Together, they poured themselves into her body, and Lilly gloried in it.

In the aftermath, still trembling and breathing in short pants, they lay tangled together in the large bed, Lilly nestled between them. They kissed her in turn, one after the other, stroking one another.

Lilly felt deliciously used. Her body ached slightly from their exertions, but the erotic fulfillment was worth it. As she watched Philippe and Remy kissing, touching one another, and then touching her, she knew she had found what she had been missing in her life. She had never imagined that she would be the type of woman to involve herself in a relationship with two men, or that she would be attracted to men who were attracted to one another, but there was no denying how seductive it was to watch them together. That would be next, she thought, as she began to drift off to sleep. She wanted to be a spectator while they pleased one another.

Reading her thoughts, Philippe smiled over her sleeping form at Remy. They were both exhausted but knew it wouldn't be long until they were ready again. "I told you she was the one."

Remy's smile was one of complete satisfaction. "And I never argued the point."

They wrapped themselves around Lilly's sleeping form, closing their arms about her and slept, dreaming of the erotic adventures to come.

The End

About the Author

Seraphina Donovan lives in Kentucky where she works full time, attends graduate school, and rescues every stray that crosses her path. She lives with six cats and is currently battling her addiction to romance novels and chocolate. She also loves to hear from fans. Emails can be directed to SeraphinaDonavan@gmail.com.

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